

"yes ...."

"well, do me this favor ...."

"what is it"

"well, you know, you've probably read the poems, so what I want to ask is, if you like anything about them, about any of them, please write me and say what you like about them, o.k.?"

"o.k.," I said.

the conversation was over. I hung up.

"who the hell was that?" the woman I live with asked.

"a friend," I answered.

"a woman?"

"yes."

"well, it seems to me that when you're on the phone that long that that woman is something else beside a friend!"

she was absolutely right.

#### BAD TIMES AT THE 3RD AND VERMONT HOTEL

Alabam was a sneak and a thief and he came to my room when I was drunk and each time I got up he shoved me back down.

you prick, I told him, you know I can take you!

he just shoved me over again.

when I sober up, I said, I'm going to kick you all the way to hell!

he just kept pushing me around.



I finally caught him with a good one, right over the left temple  
and he backed off and left.

it was a couple of days later  
I got even: I fucked his girl.

then I went down and knocked on his door.

well, Alabam, I fucked your woman and now I'm going to kick you all the way to hell!

the poor guy started crying, he put his hands over his face and just cried

I stood there and watched him.

I said, I'm sorry, Alabam.

then I left him there, I went back to my room.

we were all alkies and none of us had jobs, all we had was each other.

even then, my so-called woman was in some bar or somewhere, I hadn't seen her in a couple of days.

I had a bottle of port left.

I uncorked it and took it down to Alabam's room

said, how about a drink, Rebel?

he looked up, stood up, went for two glasses.

CAR WASH

got out, fellow said, "hey!" walked toward me, we shook hands, he slipped me 2 red tabs for free car washes, "find you later,"